

## gooey

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/29844021) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/29844021>.

|                  |   |
|------------------|---|
| Rating:          | <a href="#">Explicit</a>  |
| Archive Warning: | <a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>   |
| Category:        | <a href="#">M/M</a>   |
| Fandom:          | <a href="#">Video Blogging RPF</a> , <a href="#">Minecraft (Video Game)</a>   |
| Relationship:    | <a href="#">Clay   Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a>  |
| Character:       | <a href="#">Clay   Dream (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a>   |
| Additional Tags: | <a href="#">Webcam/Video Chat Sex</a> , <a href="#">Smut</a> , <a href="#">Dirty Talk</a> , <a href="#">Dom/sub Undertones</a> , <a href="#">top dream</a> , <a href="#">Bottom George</a> , <a href="#">Feminization</a> , <a href="#">cross-dressing</a> , <a href="#">Boys in Skirts</a> , <a href="#">Panties</a> , <a href="#">Masturbation</a> , <a href="#">Phone Sex</a> , <a href="#">Begging</a> , <a href="#">Named After A Glass Animals Song as a Right of Passage</a> , <a href="#">George is a brat</a> , <a href="#">Subspace</a> , <a href="#">Sub George</a> , <a href="#">Subdrop</a> , <a href="#">Discussions of Aftercare</a> , <a href="#">Discussions of BDSM etiquette</a> , <a href="#">Top Clay   Dream (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Bottom GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Sub GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">BDSM</a> , <a href="#">Anal Sex</a> , <a href="#">Barebacking</a> , <a href="#">First Meetings</a> , <a href="#">Praise Kink</a> , <a href="#">Name-Calling</a> , <a href="#">Pet Names</a> , <a href="#">POV GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">feminized george</a> , <a href="#">Semi-Public Sex</a> , <a href="#">Bruises</a> , <a href="#">Hickeys</a> , <a href="#">Possessive Clay   Dream (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Getting Together</a> |
| Language:        | English   |
| Series:          | Part 1 of <a href="#">blue's smp</a>  |
| Collections:     | <a href="#">MCYT</a> , <a href="#">DNF ♡</a> , <a href="#">scrumdiddlyumptious</a>  |
| Stats:           | Published: 2021-03-04 Updated: 2022-04-05 Chapters: 6/10 Words: 15599   |

## gooey

by [alphabetblues](#)

### Summary

The thing was: it was like a secret.

A secret between George and no one else. He could sit on stream, with his hoodie on and face in the corner while no one was any wiser as to what he was wearing out of frame. They'd auto-fill him into joggers, or jeans, or something else completely benign and mundane. George liked that. He liked how he could have plausible deniability, because who could guess what he was actually wearing out of the scope of the camera.

### Notes

i have to thank sage for dragging me into this fandom kicking and screaming. you're the bomb. also thank you to all my marvel friends who've been tolerating this jump.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

# Chapter 1

George wanted the record to show that he had *not* in fact worn it for Dream.

And any other notes on the matter that claimed he had were *false*.

The truth was that he liked how it made him feel. It wasn't something that he did all the time, or something he felt comfortable in all the time. It was saved for special occasions. Like, when he wanted to feel pretty on a stream.

The thing was: it was like a secret.

A secret between George and no one else. He could sit on stream, with his hoodie on and face in the corner while no one was any wiser as to what he was wearing out of frame. They'd auto-fill him into joggers, or jeans, or something else completely benign and mundane. George liked that. He liked how he could have plausible deniability, because who could guess what he was actually wearing out of the scope of the camera.

It wasn't something that he started right away.

The first skirt he had gotten had been a joke. He had been at a party with his mates, half-drunk and his tongue tasting like cherries. One of his friends had joked about him being so tiny that he could probably fit into one of her skirts. It had been funny. They both had choked on manic laughter as George had wiggled into one of her skirts. The one in question was tight, and denim, and had a line of buttons that slid up the entire front.

George had stared at himself in the mirror, the bubbles of laughter dying harshly in his throat.

He looked...

*Good.*

Better than good, actually.

The skirt hugged over his delicate frame, and only highlighted how slender his hips were. The skirt didn't transform his shape, but it did give him a slight indentation of a hip curve, and his thighs looked soft.

George squirmed out of the skirt with a bright red face and stammered something about her being right, and that they had had their fun. He shrugged himself back into his pair of jeans, and waved the whole thing off.

It was only after he had gotten home, late enough that the sun was peaking through his curtains and he could feel a nasty hangover already poking at the edges of his skull. He pulled up a website onto his phone and thumbed over the different images lining the page.

He clicked on one.

The description listed it as a "skater skirt", pleated, short, and bubblegum pink.

George swallowed heavily.

He thought about how the pink would look against his pale skin. Would it make him look softer? Would it...

He balked over the sizing options, brows scrunching up at the single-digit numbers. He bit his lip and did a quick Google search that gave him a number. He selected it in his “size”, heart stuttering when it came up that it was in stock and had been added to his cart.

He clicked onto his cart, ready for a speedy checkout when his eyes skated across the “Frequently Bought With” section. There was a baby blue one that was floaty and oh so soft looking. It came with a matching pair of baby blue socks that were lined with cartoon drawings of clouds. George added it to his cart without much further thought, and kept scrolling. There were more skirts, in every shade and style that could be imagined, and there were also kneesocks.

The knee-socks made him think of that one *Arctic Monkeys* song and he hummed it to himself as he continued to browse over the options. In the end, he added a white pair of socks that had a strip of lace at the top, a black and white plaid skirt that reminded him of the “school girl” look that was always in porn, and lastly, a damning black skirt lined with green that even came paired with a pair of ostentatiously green socks.

George’s heart thundered in his chest when he first saw them. They made him think of-

He didn’t allow himself to finish that thought.

Instead, he hurriedly filled in his card information and finished his purchase. Once he got the email that his order had been placed, he sat his phone down gently, and curled onto his side. It wasn’t long before sleep took him.

+

“Is there something wrong with your chair?” Dream asked while they were on call, following it with his signature breathy laugh.

“What?” George queried. “There’s nothing wrong with my chair.”

“Well, you keep wiggling around.” Dream pointed out.

George froze; ice filling his veins.

“I,” George licked his lips unconsciously. “I do?”

“Yeah,” He got another Dream laugh. “You keep squirming and scrunching your nose, figured something was wrong.”

George had to work hard to keep his face carefully and neutrally blank. “Nothing’s wrong.”

“Okay,” Dream agreed easily. “Do you wanna end the stream?”

“Yeah,” George sighed, they were well past the point of productivity, especially with everyone else having hopped off. “This was fun, bye guys!” He said cheerily to that chat and clicked off.

Once they were safely out of view of anyone else Dream hedged, “Seriously though, what’s up?”

George halted all movement, conscientious of it. He hadn’t thought Dream would’ve kept pressing, but he continued. “Tell me all about it, Georgie,” He teased, which had George rolling his eyes sharply.

George racked his brain for an appropriate answer, while his stomach swooped. He was careening through open air. “Something just keeps snagging, that’s all.” He settled on, his mouth dry.

“What does that mean?” Dream breathed, an amused lilt at the edges of his word. “Snagging on what?”

“Oh my God, Dream, just drop it,” George snarked, careful not to squirm again.

He was streaming in a skirt. It was something he had been doing for months, and he had racked up quite the collection. He had learned that the “skater” style of his first skirt was his favorite, especially when they were short. They flared out, making him look soft, and delicate, and pretty. The skirts were a comfort when he needed to feel that on stream - when he needed that extra boost of confidence.

Dream also gave him that confidence. But, he also made him want to crawl inside his shell even further whenever his attention was fully trained onto him, even though all he craved was his attention.

He was in a new skirt today. It was a bright, almost neon purple pleated schoolgirl piece that folded over in the front with a black seam. It had a black heart emblem over the seam, and George had paired it with the white knee socks lined in lace. The lace was seethrough in its strip on his thighs, but his skin was so pale you could hardly tell. George liked how there was a shock of contrast between the depth of purple and the crisp white of the knee socks.

After his initial exploration with the skirts George had gotten a little braver. He had gotten over the intense wash of shame that had threatened to drown him in the beginning. It led to him staring at the package of three items that rested on his bed, waiting to be opened.

He tore open the package gingerly and pulled out the offending garments, which were each wrapped in their own respective plastic. The crinkling was deafeningly loud in his ambient room, and his fingers were shaking so much that he almost dropped them.

He ripped open the plastic.

They looked so tiny.

George briefly wondered how everything would *fit*, because there was surely no way-

He took a rattling breath in, one that tugged on his lungs, and thumbed at his boxers, pulling them down his legs and off. He kicked them off to the side. He held his breath until he was dizzy, and on the exhale, along with the accompanying head rush, he dipped his feet through the two openings and tugged them up to his knees. Once they reached his thighs, it was easy to stand up and secure them into place.

When he stepped over to look at himself in his mirror he got a head rush for a completely different reason.

He looked obscene.

He looked...*slutty*.

“Oh,” He breathed like it had been punched out of him.

He had bought the panties out of experiment, and experiment alone. He hadn’t even been convinced that he would like how they looked or felt. He had always been a-okay with boxers.

The first pair were light pink, and silky. He lifted up his hoodie to get a better look, and shuddered at the drag of the fabric against his most sensitive places. They hugged over his ass, the cut of them

making it look way better than it usually did.

What mainly grabbed his attention, however, was his cock. He felt heat flood the vessels in his cheeks, and he was sure his blush spread itself all the way down to his chest. His cock was a bulge, just held in precariously by the front of the panties. It pressed against the fabric, sticking out in a way that George couldn't take his eyes away from. He could feel his cock swelling at even the mere idea of getting hard, and what that would look like. George raked his teeth over his bottom lip as he thought about how it would look with a wet stain on the front of them.

He spent about five more minutes ogling his form in the mirror until he was so hard he was *aching*. He ended up jacking off, laid out on his bed with one hand slipped underneath his panties. He got cum all over them and his hand by the time he was finished, and rolled over in bed, sinking his face into the pillow with shame. A wash cycle might not be enough to save them, he mused, trying his best to ignore how his limbs all felt like jelly and his stomach still simmered.

It was probably the hardest he ever had come in his life.

It was two weeks after that incident that George was feeling bold.

The skirts on stream had lost their edge. They provided him with comfort, and he *did* feel pretty in them, but they had lost their initial danger.

He wanted to do something risky.

Which led him here, sitting in his chair with a skirt, kneesocks, and panties underneath his skirt.

He really had been doing his best to not draw attention to himself, or squirm around on stream, but he couldn't help it. The way that the satin glided over his dick had kept him hard for practically the entire stream. Most of the blood in his brain had rushed south, and that paired with the skirt had George feeling slutty in the best way. He felt pretty. He felt *sexy*.

"I'm not gonna drop it," Dream replied to him, letting out a breathy chuckle at the end. "What's got you so bothered, Georgie?"

George slammed his eyes shut as a herd of butterflies made home in the pit of his stomach, assigning themselves rooms inside his organs. It wasn't like the idea of Dream hadn't crossed his mind. He thought about Dream constantly, despite himself. His voice was enough to turn him into a pathetic mess. He knew he would do anything to keep Dream's attention on him, it was past the point of craving and had moved onto an addiction.

George bit his lip. "You'd laugh at me," He said, grasping desperately, hoping that that wasn't true.

"I'd never laugh at you, Georgie," Dream told him, his voice dripping with sincerity. When George didn't say anything he continued, "Not if it was something important."

"I wear stuff when I stream, sometimes," George blurted out, getting it over with like a bullet caught between his teeth. His heart was beating wildly in his chest and he couldn't help but feel like this was the beginning of ends of sorts.

"Yeah?" Dream said like he didn't understand the point. "You were wearing a hoodie like usual, I saw you."

George licked his dry lips, wondering if he could get away with stopping there. Dream must have sensed this.

“What do you wear, Georgie?”

George sucked in a painful breath, one that twinged at his lungs and twitched his diaphragm. “It’s off-camera.”

“Can I see?” Dream asked, his voice ever so quiet through the speaker on George’s desk. When George hesitated he said, “I promise I won’t laugh.”

“Okay,” George said, unsettled and off-kilter. His hands were shaking as he turned the camera on for the call. His face came into frame, with his hoodie and ruddy cheeks. He tugged at the edge of his skirt nervously with his hands until he gathered up enough courage.

He stood up, his bottom half appearing in frame. You could see his skirt, and socks, and how they made his knees look less knobby and more dainty, like he was pretty, like he was delicate. His heart pounded in his chest and he could hear every beat deafeningly loud in his ears.

His throat was dry, and his voice cracked, but he had to ask. “What do you think, Dream?”

## Chapter 2

### Chapter Summary

*“What do you think, Dream?”*

George waited, with a growing flush crawling up his neck.

Dream took a while to say anything, and when he did, all he said was, “Turn around.”

### Chapter Notes

So somehow in the time between posting chapter one and now chapter two I have actually joined this fandom in earnest, and made so many friends. I'm also 20k deep in a sappy Karlnap fic that's still growing.

All the love in the world to my bestie Abby, for being the best and always supporting my work.

And to Sage, for dragging me into this fandom. Glad to be here.

<3 blue

\*

*“What do you think, Dream?”*

George waited, with a growing flush crawling up his neck.

Dream took a while to say anything, and when he did, all he said was, “Turn around.”

George complied, barely feeling tethered to his own body. He turned, showing the camera his back, and he stopped, letting his arms fall down to his sides.

“You’ve been wearing that the whole time?” Dream’s voice filtered in.

“Yeah,” George exhaled, his heart pounding.

*What do you think?*

The question hung in the air.

“You know what I think?” Dream started, as confident as ever, back in full control. “I think you look pretty.” George held his breath, knowing that he wasn’t done. “I also think you look like a slut.”



“Dream,” George gasped out, wanting to look over his shoulder, but something was holding him back. He fought the urge to ball the ends of his skirt into his fists at his sides.

“Don’t like it when I call you on it?” Dream taunted, and it clawed at George’s frayed edges, making him want to bare his neck, and *submit*. He and Dream had teased before, but it had never gone this far. He could feel the adrenaline surging through his veins at the idea of going further. He needed Dream’s attention even more than ever, and needed to be his complete focus.

“Are you hard?” Dream asked, and George nodded, still not facing him.

“Yeah,” He admitted, once Dream made a disapproving noise. “Been hard.”

“Sit back down in your chair, baby,” Dream instructed, syrupy sweet. *Baby* - that was new, and it nearly made George want to shiver. “Want you to look at me.”

George hurried to comply. He was sure his face had to be a deep crimson, but he swiveled around to settle back down into his chair anyway. His cock, which had been half-hard during nearly the entire stream was now aching, and painfully pressed up against the panties slung over his hips. He couldn’t help but duck his head, and averted his gaze from his camera.

Dream tsked. “I don’t like to repeat myself.”

George’s eyes flickered up to his camera. There was something about the black screen being on the other end of the call that made George’s skin crawl. But, it was Dream. And he couldn’t think of anyone else he felt as safe with than Dream.

He was rewarded with a, “Good boy,” from Dream, one that sent lightning bolts up his spine.

George sat in his chair, knees spread, and awaited instructions. Dream didn’t disappoint.

“Lift up your skirt.”

His tone left no room for arguments. George wasn’t ready to make it easy, though.

“Is that what you’d do if you were here?” He asked, cocking his head to the side. His fingers played with the edge of his skirt, but didn’t move to lift it up yet. “Would you stick a hand up my skirt?” It sounded like pure filth coming out of his mouth, but he couldn’t help but to want to test his boundaries, and to test Dream.

“If you were good, maybe,” Dream said offhandedly. “If you had earned it.”

George was pretty sure he’d never been this hard in his life.

“Have I earned it?”

“No,” Dream said, easily enough. “Definitely not.” He sucked in a breath. “But be good for me, and we’ll see what you get.”

George leaned his head back, and rested it against his chair, elongating his throat in the process. “Okay, Dream,” He said, chasing the buzz that was circling his subconscious. He lifted his skirt up obediently, until his panties were in view of the camera, as well as the bulge of his hard cock.

“Jesus, George,” Dream gritted out, sounding breathless enough that it brought a lazy grin to George’s face.

“Do you like it?” George asked, needing to hear Dream’s praise. He craved it like a hit, and needed

it to light him up.

“You look pretty,” Dream said. “But I think you know that.” He let out a deep chuckle. ““Know now why you were so squirmy.”

“Can I touch myself?” George asked, he could feel the inside of his panties getting wet from how much he was leaking.

“Hmm, no,” Dream said cruelly. “You wanted me to look, so let me look, baby,” He crooned, using the pet-name again. George whined pathetically, but Dream hummed, shushing him.

“Please?”

“You want it that bad?”

George nodded, and then licked his lips, leaving them swollen and shiny. “Want to,” He managed to get out.

“Okay, baby,” Dream said lowly. “But I want you to go slow, and you’re not allowed to get yourself off.”

George’s chest heaved, and his lungs rattled as his shaky right hand trailed down his stomach, and under his panties. He cupped his length, immediately smearing precum all over his hand, making it sticky and messy. *George* felt like a mess, with his hair glued wetly to his forehead, and was sure he looked half-crazed, his pupils blown.

A whine tore out of his throat as he sloppily started to jerk himself off, his panties still on. “Dream-” He gasped out.

“Jesus, you’re desperate for it,” Dream broke in. “Haven’t even done anything.”

“Don’t need to,” George said, still jerking himself off.

“I don’t need to,” Dream repeated, and George could tell from his tone that he had stepped wrong. “So it wouldn’t even matter if I was here, right? I mean, you could just get off by yourself.”

“No!” George exclaimed. “No, Dream, no,” George repeated, still not letting up on his cock. He wasn’t quite as desperate as he’d been a few moments ago, but he could also feel it racketing up again.

“No?” Dream pressed.

George hated him. God, George hated him. Except-

“No, Dream, need you,” George whimpered.

There was a rustling over the line.

“Say it again,” Dream said, his voice lowering into a growl.

George’s cheeks flamed, even though he was in deep. “It’s slutty,” He protested weakly.

“Yeah, and so are you. Say it again.” Dream said, which had George’s hips twitching up on their own accords, his palm slicker, and slipping on his dick, so that his thumb accidentally bumped over his sensitive head.

“Fu-uck,” George whined, which only egged Dream on.

“I said, say it again.”

“Need you,” George bit out, as he ground up into his own hand. “Need you, need you. Dream, need you.”

“Yeah you do, baby,” Dream all about purred. “That’s all you had to say.”

“Dream,” George moaned, his cock throbbing in his hand. The whole bottom half of his stomach was clenched, and wrought with butterflies, as he jacked himself off, mindful of Dream watching him.

“Are you close?” Dream asked softly. “Are you gonna come already?”

George made a strangled noise. “It’s a lot,” George got out, with his tongue like cotton. “Feels good.”

“Can’t believe you’re this close already,” Dream continued. “Were you this worked up the whole stream? Just waiting for someone to put you in your place?”

George’s head lulled to the side as he panted.

“Where’s your place, baby?” Dream asked, his voice dipping into a coo.

“I don’t know,” George muttered, fucking into his slick hand. “I don’t know.”

“Beneath me,” Dream told him, like it was obvious, and the whole endeavor was boring to him. “Your place is beneath me.”

“I’m beneath you,” George repeated back to him, his face flaming, though a different heat also licked through him at being so thoroughly owned.

“Good boy,” Dream praised, while George whined loudly. “Still haven’t decided if you should come though.”

“Rude,” George choked out petulantly, and it had Dream letting out an unexpected laugh.

“Why should you come, Georgie?” Dream taunted. “Why should I care about your pleasure?”

George stared into his camera lens. He was fucked out, and desperate. He couldn’t focus on himself, however. All he wanted to focus on was Dream.

George had a sudden light-bulb moment, and it had him smiling, devilishly, his hand still working over his cock, making a mess of his panties and ruffled skirt. “Because you want to see me,” He said, echoing Dream’s words from earlier. “Because you want to see me come.”

“Presumptuous,” Dream mused. “But you’re right,” He relented. “I want to see you fall apart.”

“Could you?” George asked, licking his lips. “Could you make me fall apart?”

Dream chuckled, something low and predatory, sounding incredibly close to his mic. “Look at you now,” He said, “And I haven’t even touched you.”

“Would you touch me?” George pressed, his cock throbbing in his hands. His thighs were splayed, his skirt rucked up, and his panties to the side. He looked more like a camgirl than himself, and it

had an intense heat rushing over him, making sweat prickle at nearly every one of his junctions. “If you were here?”

“If I was there I wouldn’t stop touching you,” Dream said without hesitation.

It made George’s head spin.

“I’d let you, you know,” George said, and his breath hitched on his next words. “I’d let you do anything to me.”

Dream hummed, and George felt prickles up his spine in anticipation.

“Hands off,” Dream demanded, an edge to his voice. When George didn’t move right away, he growled, “Don’t make me tell you again.”

George pried his hand off himself, and grabbed onto each armrest of his chair. He squeezed tightly as his hips jerked, and his cock ached at the loss of friction. He squeezed his eyes tight, and dragged in a few ragged breaths.

“So here’s how this is going to go,” Dream said airily, sounding incredibly close to his mic. “You only get to come once I’ve given you permission.”

“You’re enjoying this,” George said, a little strained at how tightly he was gripping the armrests of his chair to keep from touching himself. He was out and open in a way that made his skin crawl, but it was easier when he zeroed in on Dream.

“I am,” Dream said darkly. “Do you think you can be good?”

“I don’t know, Dream, am I good?” George asked, wanting to press, and wanting to get a reaction.

Dream obliged in kind. “You are until it comes to your mouth,” He said offhandedly. “I wonder how good you’d be with a gag,” He suggested, and George could almost see the sadistic grin tugging at the corners of his mouth. “How docile you’d be after I spank your ass raw.”

“You’re just a sadist.”

“I wouldn’t speak to me like that, if I were you,” Dream said, with the hint of an edge, but George could see through it.

“I think there’s other things you could do with my mouth,” George said, looking into the camera.

Dream chuckled. “Oh don’t worry, baby, I have plans for your mouth.”

George shivered, never forgetting about his hard cock, one that was currently ruining his set of panties.

“Can I?” George asked, licking his lips.

“Yeah,” Dream said in a low rumble. “Touch yourself again.”

The back of George’s head knocked against his chair as soon as he started stroking himself again. He was even wetter than before because of all the precum, and it made it all almost too sensitive. He let out little mewls as his fist worked over his cock.

“Feel good, baby?” Dream taunted.

“Yes,” George moaned, showing off his neck. “God, yes.”

“You’re finally being good,” Dream murmured. “Listening to me like you should. You’re being such a good boy.”

“Dream-” George gasped as everything got blurrier around the edges. He was getting close, he could feel the tingling in his lower half, growing, and growing, until he heard Dream growl-

“Hands off,”

George’s hands flew to his side, even as his hips jolted up to chase the missing friction, and his cock weeped, the head turning a deep and angry red.

“Look at you,” Dream cooed. “You’d do just about anything, wouldn’t you? You’re doing so good.”

“Dream,” George said again, but this time his tone was off. His entire body was thrumming, but it was hard to connect his hands to his body, and his body to himself. Staring at the black screen that represented Dream left a void in his chest and made it more difficult to connect Dream’s voice to him.

“Hey, George,” He heard Dream say distantly from over the call. “Hey, what’s wrong? Talk to me.”

“I-” George’s brain seemed to be covered in a fog, and he’d never experienced it before.

“What’s your color?” Dream pressed gently. “Can you tell me your color?”

“I don’t...I don’t know,” George said, and he could hear Dream suck in a breath. Something niggled at the back of George’s brain, giving him an inkling as to what was going on. He took his own labored breath in. “I don’t- Dream, I don’t wanna go down if you’re not here.”

“Okay,” Dream said steadily, jumping into action. “Can you breathe for me?”

George nodded, glad that Dream could see him. He matched Dream’s breaths until the buzzing rescinded, and some of his senses petered back online.

“Come back up for me,” Dream crooned, and George’s glazed eyes sharpened, incrementally.

“Can I?” George licked his lips nervously. “Can I come?”

“Of course, baby,” Dream said instantly. “*Of course.*” He seemed to take in a rattling breath. “Touch yourself, make yourself feel good.”

“Okay,” George said, reaching down to take his length in hand once again. It wasn’t long until he was rutting into his hand, close to the edge again.

“Come for me, Georgie,” Dream drawled. “Wanna see what you look like when you come.”

“Dream-” George moaned out, his hips jumping, so close that he physically hurt.

“Come on,” Dream encouraged, the slightest rasp to his tone, and that’s what did George in.

George’s legs shook as his cock spouted off ropes of cum. His vision went black for a few seconds, before it all came careening back, and he was left gasping in his chair, his dick slowly softening. He was rumpled beyond belief, and almost every inch of himself was a mess.

George glanced shakily at his monitor, and at the numbers still counting up, keeping track of the call. He wiped his hand off on his skirt, and listened to Dream's breathing on the phone. He waited a few seconds for him to say something, anything. But he didn't.

Before George could think too much about it, he jerked his clean hand over to his mouse and clicked off of the call.

## Chapter 3

### Chapter Summary

It was quiet for a while on the other end of the line, and George wondered what they were waiting for.

Then, Dream broke in. "Did we fuck this thing up?"

George hadn't been ready for the sudden vulnerability, and it made the claws in his chest squeeze at him until he couldn't move, leaving puncture wounds all over his heart.

"I hope not," George said once the silence got too much. All of his cheekiness was stripped bare, and it was terrifying.

"Where do we go from here?" Dream breathed out, sounding shaky.

"I don't know," George whispered truthfully.

Another silence filled the air, one that was thick and suffocating.

"I don't, um," George broke first, his voice wobblier than he wanted. "I don't want to lose you."

"Hey, no, you won't," Dream said with conviction. "I'm right here."

"Okay," George breathed, and he believed him, even though his heart had started beating frantically in his chest.

### Chapter Notes

sorry this took so long. next one shouldn't. i'm on a roll now <3

abby, i love you more than anything. everything i write is for you, always for you.

please leave comments! sometimes they're the only thing that keeps me going

- blue<3

+

Afterwards, George had sat frozen in his chair for entirely too long, his mess cooling on his stomach, and clothes askew in nearly every direction. It took a few minutes for his brain to come back online, and for him to connect to his body. He flinched, turning off his setup, and curling in on himself.

He managed to stumble his way into his shower, leaving his soiled clothes kicked off to a corner of his bathroom floor. He cranked the water up high, and stepped in. His teeth chattered, and he closed his eyes under the spray, standing there for what felt like hours. It took a while for the chill to leave him, but eventually, it did, and he was able to climb out of the tub. He wrapped two towels around himself to keep him warm as he made his way back to his bedroom.

When he got back to his room, he shakily put on a sweatshirt - it was fluffy, and soft, and oversized, and had an *Adidas* logo that left his mind carefully blank. It was blue, too, which was always a relief.

George tossed his phone next to him on the bed and crawled under the covers. He rolled over onto his side, and let the covers swallow him whole. He was exhausted, all of his limbs like jelly as he settled into bed. Despite his exhaustion, it took a while for him to fall into an uneasy sleep.

+

The thing was, George wasn't an idiot.

He'd experimented before. He'd gone through his fair share of girls *and* boys in college with varying results. He knew how to be good, and he knew how to be safe. However, at this time, neither option felt appealing.

George didn't like dealing with things, or talking about things, never mind the concept of having to ask for what he wanted, or needed. It was much easier for him to avoid things completely, until the other person came to him or they gave up completely.

George really hoped that Dream wouldn't give up on him.

The prospect of Dream wanting him, or even returning any of the *iotas* of feelings that George had acquired for the younger boy was too much.

It was simpler to bury his head in the sand - or well, blanket, at this time.

It was why George found himself curled up in bed a few hours later, his sleep fretful as he tossed and turned. His stomach felt sick, and he was left with a hollow feeling that seeped right into his bones. He knew what it was, and could put a name to it, but that didn't stop the feeling.

George spent most of his day like that, hiding under the covers. He managed to stumble out to his kitchen once for a glass of water, but that was the extent of his capabilities. He found himself back in bed only a few short minutes later and stared up at the ceiling.

He must have fallen asleep, because he woke up groggily a few hours later to his phone buzzing incessantly. It had buzzed off and on earlier, but he was able to ignore it. However, after his venture to the kitchen, George had dropped his phone down, right next to his pillow, and had been too down to move it, even a few inches. George squinted, and felt around blindly next to him until his hand wrapped around it, his fingers scrambling to get the ringing sound off. He knew enough that someone was calling him, and it must be urgent if they kept going.

"Hello?" He said blearily, not even bothering to check who was calling.

That was his first mistake.

"Hey," Dream's voice filtered in through the phone speaker.

George's eyes widened immediately. He scrunched his face up and stretched out his arm, pressing



his phone in the bed as the heel of his other hand rubbed at his eyes. His heart was in his throat as he processed that Dream was on the other end of the call. He wasn't ready to face him, or the impending doom. His chest tightened, and he ached to hide under his sheets, covering himself entirely so nobody could see him. So Dream couldn't see him, or hear him, or feel him.

But he also ached when he heard Dream's muffled voice coming from his phone's speakers, completely unintelligible. George found himself bringing his phone to his ear, and holding his breath.

"-hang up, c'mon, it's not fair. Don't hang up again, it's-"

"Dream?" George whispered, to keep his voice from wavering. It halted the younger boy completely.

"Hey," Dream said, losing all steam. He hesitated, "You're not gonna hang up, right?"

"No," He said, wanting to curse himself. "I won't."

"Good, 'cause I just..." He trailed off. "I mean, have you- well, probably not-"

"Dream. Finish a sentence." George blurted out.

"Are you okay, George?" Dream asked him point blank.

"Umm," George said as blandly as he could manage. "I'm fine?" He moved his phone to tuck at his ear.

It was quiet for a while on the other end of the line, and George wondered what they were waiting for.

Then, Dream broke in. "Did we fuck this thing up?"

George hadn't been ready for the sudden vulnerability, and it made the claws in his chest squeeze at him until he couldn't move, leaving puncture wounds all over his heart.

"I hope not," George said once the silence got too much. All of his cheekiness was stripped bare, and it was terrifying.

"Where do we go from here?" Dream breathed out, sounding shaky.

"I don't know," George whispered truthfully.

Another silence filled the air, one that was thick and suffocating.

"I don't, um," George broke first, his voice wobblier than he wanted. "I don't want to lose you."

"Hey, no, you won't," Dream said with conviction. "I'm right here."

"Okay," George breathed, and he believed him, even though his heart had started beating frantically in his chest.

His hand brushed over his stomach, where his hoodie had rolled up to reveal a sliver of pale flesh, ivory and unmarked. George shivered as he accidentally tickled the bare skin. He felt like he was running through a roller coaster of emotions, and was still riding the endorphins crash from the previous night.

“We’re okay, Dreamie,” George said softly, wanting to ease some of the frayed tension between them, while also assuring himself.

“That’s good,” Dream eventually replied, just as gently, like he was trying to do the same thing as George.

“Wanna tell me about your day?” George pressed, suddenly aching to hear Dream’s voice. He desperately needed a sense of normalcy back.

“Well, I woke up to Patches screaming in my ear…” Dream started, which made George chuckle under his breath.

“‘Atta girl,” He said through a smile, and heard Dream scoffing on the other end.

“You’re just saying that because you’re also a brat,” Dream teased.

“Mmm,” George hummed, like he was thinking about it. “Maybe.”

It was nice to hear Dream’s voice, and he easily got lost in the lull of it as the younger boy ran through his day, and the plans he had for the coming evening. It tipped lower and raspier as he went on, settling deep in the pit of George’s stomach.

His hand inched down, slowly trailing its way until his palm was splayed flat against his stomach. His finger twitched, and with Dream’s voice in his ear, he kept going, past where his hoodie was ridden up, past his stomach, until they slipped under his boxers, and halted.

Dream’s rambling came to a pause.

“How are *you* feeling?” He asked, dripping with sincerity, enough that it had George squirming and wanting to evade the question. But he knew Dream would never let him get away with that.

“Good,” George let fall off his tongue. “Really good,” He sighed, hoping that Dream would continue and stop turning it back onto him.

“Okay, baby,” Dream crooned, and it rolled out naturally, like it fit comfortably inside of his mouth.

George squirmed this time for an entirely different reason.

“Is that all you have planned?” George asked, doing his best to keep his breath steady as his hand lowered, and eventually brushed over his cock.

“Well, I did have an idea for a stream, but I probably won’t get to it ‘til tomorrow. It’s not super interesting, but-“

“Tell me about it?” George asked, goading him on. Dream’s voice was like a drug, lighting up his veins from the inside, and George was keening for a fix.

Dream only hesitated for a second before he launched into a long-winded explanation of his next stream idea, one that George didn’t really care about in the slightest, but it kept Dream’s voice in his ear, like a consistent hum, and it was all he could ask for.

George’s mouth dropped open as his hand wrapped around his cock. He held back the noises that threatened to escape from the back of his throat as it happened, stifling himself.

Dream’s voice was like a symphony, winding, and whirring and buzzing its way under George’s

skin. He wanted to feel him, he realized with a stunning clarity that had his hips jolting up in his grasp. He wanted to hear Dream whisper more things right into his ear, and to say he was doing good like he had the previous night. He wanted to get down onto his knees and *earn* Dream's praise and affection.

Most of all though, he wanted Dream to call him pretty - in the same hushed reverent way he'd called him 'baby'.

He didn't feel pretty, in his meager hoodie and boxers, but it was too late now. He was already in deep.

He could always put something on for Dream next time, and his cock twitched at the prospect of dressing up *for* Dream. If this became a repeat thing.

God, how he hoped this would become a repeat thing.

George's heart pounded, and his fingers slipped around the wetness of his cock, smearing pre-cum all over his hand as he kept up his movements. He could hear his blood rushing in his ears, and couldn't figure out why it was so loud. And then it hit him.

Dream had stopped talking.

George stilled his hand and held his breath.

"Dream?" He asked, his voice unsteady.

"Are you touching yourself?" Dream asked bluntly, his tone firm and gleaming. George's arms broke out into goosebumps at the onslaught of *danger*.

"...Yeah," George bit out, finding it impossible to lie to Dream.

He heard Dream's hitch of a breath over the phone, and his chest soared. It felt like a win. But it didn't last long.

"Really, Georgie?" Dream taunted, disregarding his slip like it never even happened. He was back in control instantly. "Are you that desperate for it?"

George made a small noise, more like a whimper than anything else.

Dream tsked.

"Did I ever give you permission to touch yourself?" Dream prodded, sounding like he was genuinely curious, but George knew it wasn't really a question at all.

He shook his head at first, then quickly realized through his jumbled brain that Dream wouldn't be able to see him. Duh.

"No," He croaked, but still never stopped his ministrations.

"And to think I actually thought you cared about my day," Dream sighed, like he was disappointed. It had something curling in George's gut, until- "What is it, George? Is it my voice?"

"Yeah," George managed, not even wanting to deny it. "Sounds good."

Dream hummed considerably. "Can't even talk to you for five minutes without you humping your fist like a little bitch in heat, huh?"

“Not a bitch,” George protested, but it was weak, and his ragged inhales of breath as he panted didn’t necessarily aid his case either.

“Maybe not,” Dream conceded generously. “But you *are* a whore.”

The whine that fell from George’s mouth was pitiful.

Dream chuckled, chesty and deep. “You like that, don’t you, baby?”

“Fuck,” George couldn’t help but stutter out, his stomach clenching almost painfully at Dream calling him ‘baby’ like that. Arousal pooled in his veins.

Even though George kept going, he could feel Dream’s sudden hesitance over the line, shifting the mood into something more fraught.

“We should- We should probably talk about this before we do this again,” Dream said, his confident demeanor morphing into uncertainty nearly fast enough to give George whiplash.

“Or,” George presented. “We could not.”

“George-“ Dream said in warning, but it wasn’t enough to have him stop. “I don’t wanna...” He paused, and seemed to think. The silence was deafening and made George want to writhe. But, another part of him wanted to follow Dream, arch up into his touch like he was there with him, and track his voice as it lilted into his ear. He waited as Dream recalibrated, wondering not for the first time what exactly he’d gotten himself into.

“What’s your color?” Dream asked him.

Maybe it was because his mind was still somewhat clear, or because he knew he hadn’t really hit his limit yet - either way, George bit back a slightly hysterical giggle.

“I’m colorblind, remember?”

Even though Discord was sometimes spotty, George could hear Dream’s intake of breath clear as day from over the phone.

This time, his voice wasn’t predatory, it was frustration boiled over into anger when he said, “I’m not gonna do that, George.”

All traces of laughter died abruptly in George’s throat, and ice flooded his arteries. “Dream?”

“I’m not going to do this if you’re not going to be safe,” Dream growled, and George realized that he had fucked up. “I can’t- this is serious, George. I could hurt you. I’m not doing this unless you’re going to take this seriously.”

“I’m sorry,” George said shakily.

“I don’t want you to be sorry, I want you to be safe,” Dream snapped.

“Right. Umm, okay,” George managed, a sickly feeling churning in his gut, one that made him take his hand away from himself like he’d been burned.

“Shit,” George heard Dream say after some rustling from his end. “That’s not what I- fuck.”

George didn’t say anything, and tried to focus on his breathing.

“George, baby, talk to me,” Dream said softly after a minute, nothing like what his tone had been before.

George stared up at his ceiling before he squeezed his eyes shut tight. “Are you mad at me?” He asked, his voice small.

“No,” Dream said instantly, and it had warmth spreading back into his bloodstream incrementally. “No baby, I’m not mad at you, just-“ He sucked in a lungful of air.

George listened.

“I was so scared when you hung up like that,” Dream admitted. “I thought I had fucked up, or hurt you, and I- I never want that to happen again, okay?”

“I’m sorry,” George whispered, because he felt like it needed to be said again. “I just, it was a lot and I didn’t...” He trailed off, not even knowing how he wanted to finish that sentence.

“It’s alright,” Dream soothed, and George wanted to lean into his voice, like a flower seeking sunlight. It was a little terrifying how much George sought after Dream’s approval. “Did you do any aftercare?”

“Kind of,” George relented, after scrunching his nose and thinking about it.

Dream tsked, but it was gentler this time. “We always do aftercare, baby, that’s non-negotiable.”

“Okay,” George agreed, and wrapped his free arm around himself. There was a slight chill in his room that made him shiver, now that he wasn’t burning up.

Dream seemed to take his time, considering what he wanted to say next.

“Do you have a safeword?”

“Blue,” George said easily, and he could almost hear Dream’s smile on the other end.

“Cute,” Dream commented, and George couldn’t help but preen from the praise. “How are you feeling?” Dream queried, his voice dipping into something lower and smoother. “Do you want to keep going, or...what’s your color?”

George took a harsh breath in, one that rattled around in his lungs and was nearly painful on the exhale. His fingers twitched against his stomach and he curled in on himself tighter. “Y-yellow. I think it’s yellow.”

“That’s okay,” Dream said without missing a beat. “Thank you for telling me, baby. Can you tell me why it’s yellow?”

A certain sense of shame licked up George’s body until it settled heavily in the pit of his stomach, worming its way in. George wasn’t sure if he could stomach any more of Dream’s harsher words now.

“Don’t want you to be mean,” George was eventually able to vocalize. “Not now.”

“Okay,” Dream agreed. “You want me to be nice to you, huh? Want me to tell you how pretty you are?”

George’s eyes slid shut. “Yeah,” He whispered, tapping out an incomprehensible beat against his stomach with his fingers.

“You like it when I call you pretty, baby? ‘Cause you are.” He pressed on. “So fucking pretty, and it’s a travesty I didn’t get to tell you more last night.”

George listened to his words as they filtered in from the speaker, and let them settle in the air, slowly making their way into his skull so he could echo them around in his brain. Dream thought he was pretty. Dream thought he was pretty. Dream thought he was-

“Like you mean it,” George said, wanting that extra push, that extra spark of intensity that would completely erase all the frost that had seeped inside of him. “Tell me I’m pretty like you mean it.”

“You think I don’t mean it?” Dream followed up with a scoff. “I wouldn’t lie to you, baby, you’re fucking beautiful.”

“Yeah?” George goaded breathlessly.

“Fuck yeah,” Dream said emphatically. “You in that skirt and those pretty panties? I thought I died and went to heaven.”

The “Oh,” George let out was punched out and airy.

“You knew exactly how sexy you were, don’t even,” Dream teased, before his tone dipped. “Okay, I want you to listen to me, can you do that?”

“Uh-huh,” George offered as an affirmative, and that seemed to satisfy Dream for the moment.

“What’s your color, are we still on yellow?”

George sucked his bottom lip into his mouth, before releasing it slowly. “No, it’s...it’s green now.”

“Good,” Dream praised, “Thank you.” It made George shiver, but not from the cold this time. “I’m gonna give you permission to touch yourself, can you do that for me?”

“Yeah,” George agreed, and obediently started sliding his hand down his abdomen, mirroring his actions from earlier.

Dream hummed. “That’s perfect, baby. See? You can be so good when you want to be.”

George’s hand wrapped around his cock. It had gone down during their tense exchange, but was rapidly filling back up to full hardness at Dream’s praise and cooed compliments. He couldn’t help but keen as soon as he started to jack it.

“That’s it, Georgie, wanna hear you. I wanna hear you ruin yourself for me.”

“Won’t last long,” George admitted, feeling crimson color his cheeks. The rush of having so many different emotions in such a small timespan, paired with Dream in his ear already had him close to the edge embarrassingly quick. It had barely taken more than a few strokes to get him back to being desperate and strung out at the idea of Dream. *Dream. Dream. Dream.*

“That’s okay. I want you to feel good, this is about you, okay?” Dream assured, sounding so nice, and caring, a direct dichotomy to his previous biting words. George knew that he could dish out, but knowing that he got to have both sides of Dream was dizzying in the best way. It made it sweeter, and brighter. “You feeling good?”

“Feels so good,” George slurred, pumping himself faster. Sweat beaded at his hairline, and his hips

were twitching on nearly every twist of his wrist. “Always make me feel good, Dreamie.”

“Of course I do, especially when you go all sweet on me.” Dream told him. “You think you can come for me, baby? Make a mess of yourself like I know you want to?”

“Yeah,” George hiccuped, feeling pulled apart and needy. “M close.”

“C’mon,” Dream crooned. “Be good for me, angel. Come.”

George’s orgasm was slow, and it built up gradually, seeming to seep from his toes, to his cramping stomach. His fingers tingled, and he threw his head back as he came with a cry, stuttering out Dream’s name like a prayer.

When his hearing trickled back in he heard Dream’s continued praise over the phone, ones that made George’s bones turn to jello as he sunk himself completely into his mattress.

“Hey,” Dream prodded softly. “You with me?”

“You called me ‘angel’,” George couldn’t help but giggle deliriously.

Dream’s own matching chuckle was cerise and warm, flooding George’s chest. “Yeah, I did.”

“I liked it,” George admitted, feeling loose and buzzed.

“I’ll keep that in mind,” Dream said quietly, and privately, like the moment was just for them.

Dream’s voice was a steady presence in his ear that kept him floaty. His tone was soothing as he instructed George to clean up and tuck himself back into bed.

“Not gonna hang up on me this time, right?” Dream pressed, but George was well versed enough to pick up the underlying hints of anxiety lacing his words.

“No,” George said, his words curling around a yawn. “I won’t, Dreamie.”

## Chapter 4

### Chapter Summary

“Are you ever gonna let me see your face?” He asked bluntly. Dream’s Discord icon was cute, but it also seemed to haunt him.

He could hear Dream sucking in a sharp breath from over the call.

### Chapter Notes

the love i have for this fic is immeasurable, and the support i've gotten for it from you guys has been wonderful.

make sure to leave a comment on what you think! i live for them!

for abby, always for abby <3

- blue

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

+

For George, it felt a little like his world had been tilted on its axis. Like something meaningful and earth shattering had happened, but nobody else seemed the wiser. He kept waiting for something drastic to change - but it didn't.

Life carried on as it usually did. He still woke up in the same bed, made himself the same food, and streamed like nothing had changed at all. Nothing in Dream's demeanor shifted, and George pretended that it didn't sting.

George notoriously was his most impulsive when Dream's attention wasn't on him.

This time however, he wasn't impulsive, he was calculated. He wanted a reaction. He wanted Dream's voice to pitch low, like it had before.

At the start of all this he hadn't been doing it for Dream.

But now he kind of wanted to.

The opportunity arose nearly perfectly, on a day where he hadn't planned to stream, and he knew Dream wasn't busy either, just by luck of the draw. He took his time looking over the few garments he'd ordered so far, taking notes on whether or not he should order more. It took him a while to decide, but he eventually relented that it was either go big or go home. He *was* after Dream's attention after all.

Instead of putting on an oversized hoodie or sweater like he usually would, he threw on a t-shirt.



The shirt was an old black one from high school and George had grown out of it some, leaving it tight, and riding up his stomach - but that wasn't the important part.

Aside from the shirt, he zipped himself into a matching green and black tartan skirt that was sinfully cropped, barely reaching his mid thigh. It fit snugly around George's waist, showing off how slender it was, especially with the way his shirt clung to his abdomen and chest. Once it was all in place and he had wiped off the imaginary pieces of lint he thought he saw, it was onto the show stoppers.

George sat on the end of his bed and oh so carefully rolled on the pair of socks that came with the skirt. The material was a lot different than he'd been expecting from the pictures online, but he wasn't complaining. Instead of it being a cottony knee sock, it was more of a delicate stretchy satin, hugging snugly around his legs until it came to rest smoothly at his upper thighs. It was a little bit thicker than the material of a pantyhose, but George couldn't get over how *soft* it felt. He found himself tracing over the fabric idly with his fingers once both socks were fully secured.

The description from the website, and the packaging they came in promised George that they were green, even though they looked yellow to him. When he glanced in the mirror, he thought he looked a little like a bumblebee. Hopefully Dream would appreciate the sentiment. Plus, George liked the two little stripes of black right at the top of his socks, complimenting his skirt perfectly.

When he was done getting dressed, he padded over to the floor length mirror he had propped up haphazardly against his wall, out of view of where his old set up used to be, before he had moved it out to the main area. He checked himself over, turning this way and that, to make sure everything was in place.

It was.

He was careful not to snag his socks as he made his way out of his room and over to his current set up. He sat down on his chair, fretting over his skirt until it was bunched up around his thighs just so. He sucked in a deep breath as he clicked on his mouse and woke his computer up. A part of him too felt like he was being woken up from a daze.

He clicked over onto Discord, going into him and Dream's private messages easily. Dream wasn't online, but that didn't necessarily mean anything.

George knew in the back of his head that this was almost like some sort of fucked up test. And he hoped Dream would pass.

He hit the call button without any further hesitation. He hugged one of his knees to his chest, sitting his foot flat on the chair as he brought his thumb up to his mouth to bite on.

The Discord call melody rang out, attempting to connect them. George waited with bated breath, until eventually it ceased, and Dream's icon circle glowed green.

"Hey," He said, his voice raspy, like George had just woken him up.

"Hey," George replied, hastily taking his thumb out of his mouth. He gave Dream room to say something else, but when he didn't, he carried on. "Are you busy, right now?"

"I mean," Dream said, sounding like he was thinking about it. "I have to go grocery shopping, but I can do that whenever, as long as it's before Publix closes." He paused, then- "Why? What's up?"

George hated asking questions, and he also hated anything that made him have to have a scrap of vulnerability. But, he was sick of spiraling, and he couldn't get the thought out of his mind.

“What are we doing, Dream?” George asked bluntly, the words coming out almost of their own volition. He immediately made a face afterwards, cringing, even though he was relieved that it was out.

It was quiet, and then Dream said hesitantly, “Having a conversation...?”

George huffed and leaned his head back to stare at his ceiling. “No, Dream.”

“Then what?”

George bristled. He suddenly felt ridiculous, and stupid. Delusional at best, really.

“Forget it,” George said, quieter than he meant to. “Just, nevermind.”

“Wait, George,” Dream said hastily. “Don’t, I’m sorry.”

George took a shaky breath in-

“Can you turn your camera on for me, baby?” Dream asked.

-and he sputtered on the exhale.

“No,” George said eventually, when he gathered himself, tucking his chin onto his raised knee.

“No?” Dream tilted, sounding surprised.

“Not until you earn it,” George told him, craning his neck so he could say it right into his mic.

“Oh I get it now,” Dream said, all of his smugness back and increased tenfold. “This is a test.”

“Why would it be a test, Dream?” George asked him, making sure to leave out any inflection in his voice, leaving it carefully neutral.

“‘Cause you’re you,” Dream said easily. “And I know you.” There was a beat, and then Dream sighed. “C’mon George, give it to me.”

“You’re not doing very well so far,” George said blandly, wanting to take back some of the ground he’d lost. “And it’s not even a test.” *Lie*. “It’s just a question.”

“Is that what you want?” Dream inquired, his tone considerably softer.

“What?” George fed into him, not being able to help it, his mouth dry.

“You want to be my baby.” He didn’t state it like it was a question, and really it wasn’t. George felt his stomach swooping and tangling with butterflies that flew up into the back of his throat. Dream had a way of making him feel like no one had ever before.

“Is that what *you* want?” George mirrored his question once he was able to talk again and find his tongue.

“‘Course, Georgie,” Dream said, mapley and all sweet-talk. George sunk into it anyway. “You want me?”

“Only if I’m yours,” George said quietly, finally voicing it.

“You’re *mine*,” Dream said with finality, his voice taking on an edge that sent shivers up George’s

spine. “You don’t even have to worry about that, baby.”

George nodded to himself, but he still wasn’t quite settled.

“Are you ever gonna let me see your face?” He asked bluntly. Dream’s Discord icon was cute, but it also seemed to haunt him.

He could hear Dream sucking in a sharp breath from over the call.

“C’mon George I know you can ask nicer than that,” He teased, but George could pick up on his nervousness. “Turn on your camera for me baby, ask real nice and we’ll see.”

After taking a minute to decide what he wanted to do, George slipped his leg off the chair so he was back into a proper sitting position, enough so that only his torso up would be showing in view of the camera. All Dream would be able to see right then was his black t-shirt. George could work with that.

George clicked over onto the camera icon, revealing himself.

Dream hummed. “Good to see you, honey,” and it had George’s cheeks coloring pink without his permission, even as warmth filled his chest.

George’s eyes stayed on his camera as he tilted his neck back, exposing it, and allowing for some of his hair to fall into his eyes. He’d been meaning to get it cut, but the longer it got the more it had grown on him. The added length made his face look daintier, and softer in a way that he wasn’t ready to give up just yet.

“I have something for you,” George told him. “But you have to show me your face first.” He felt something in his chest rattle, and feel like it was coming loose, like he was a circuit board that had just been smashed to dust, leaving pieces scattered all over the ground, some still spinning. “How are we supposed to-“ He stopped himself, making a face, and then rephrased. “I can’t do this if I don’t even know what you look like, Dream.”

Before Dream could reply he jumped in with something else.

“I’m not trying to pressure you,” He was hasty to tack on. “And I’m not forcing you.” His shoulder lifted up into a little shrug. “I just don’t know why you don’t trust me.”

There were a few seconds of silence, and then Dream said, “George, close your eyes.”

“Okay,” George said quickly, and fluttered his eyes closed. He heard Dream let out a quiet laugh. “What!?” He demanded.

“Nothing, just,” Dream said, and George could tell by his voice that he was smiling. “That was about the only time you’ve ever listened to me.”

“That’s not true,” George argued, but Dream only hummed.

“It’s very true.” George heard some rustling over the line. “Eyes still closed, baby?”

“Obviously,” George snarked, “You can see.”

“Just making sure,” Dream said, though it sounded distracted.

“Dream-“ George tested, but before he could get too far Dream was cutting him off.

“Open your eyes, baby.” Dream said, ever so gently.

George didn’t have to be told twice.

#### Chapter End Notes

while you're here you gotta check out abby's fic [here](#)! it's got dnf and proposals and is absolutely amazing!

## Chapter 5

### Chapter Notes

v isn't into mcyt but she is my ultimate cheerleader, and best friend, and every day i am grateful for her existence. this chapter would not exist without her.

i hope you like it. please comment any lines or things you liked, this thing took me two months to get right and i rewrote it about three times. i am looking forward to the next section, and the next section is basically what i've been writing the entire fic for.

it's been hard out here for a pimp, but at least we got dnf, right?

much love

- blue <3

+

When George opened his eyes, the first thing he saw was the movement coming from the open video call on his screen. Dream must have switched it over at some point when his eyes had been closed. That's when his eyes focused on the second thing, which was Dream- Dream who was alive, and *real*, and sitting in a chair in front of his monitor some odd couple thousand of miles away.

"You're-" George started, before his brain could catch up with his mouth.

He stared.

Dream was tan, and gorgeous, and his hair was dirty blonde, just like he'd always said. He had freckles, like constellations evenly decorated across the bridge of his nose that George wanted to count, and kiss. He *wanted*, so suddenly it made the pit of his stomach lurch, and he desperately ached for there to be another word, a stronger word for what he was feeling, and how much he craved the man on the screen in front of him.

"Hi," He let out in a rush, like it was air expelling from his lungs. His fingers itched to touch his monitor, and to trace over Dream's face, but he held himself back. He was already positive that every emotion of his was written all over his face, anyway.

"Hi," Dream said back, his mouth moving, and his familiar voice filling George's ears. It was still a mind-fuck though, and George caught himself reeling, just at connecting Dream's voice with the person in front of him. "Disappointed?" Dream tilted, mostly teasing, but George could pick up the uncertain undercurrent.

"No," George said immediately. "I just-" He couldn't find any words.

"You're being awfully quiet," Dream pressed on, and his lips quirked up into a little self-deprecating smirk that made George's heart stop. He wanted to see it again, and again, and again, and-

“It’s *you*,” George said for lack of anything better. “It’s just- I’m seeing *you*.”

“Do you like what you see?” Dream asked, some of his confidence seeping back in. He grinned, sharp and electric, and George found that it was even better than his smirk. It sent tingles up George’s spine and he wanted to feel it. He wanted to kiss over Dream’s teeth, and lick into his mouth. He wanted Dream to cover him completely until he was more Dream than himself.

George sucked in a well-needed breath.

He was in deep.

“Of course I do,” George breathed, not even having to think about it. “You’re fucking hot, and you know it.”

Dream laughed then, the one that George knew inside and out. George’s mind surged as he desperately tried to connect the image of the Dream in front of him with the *Dream* that had a cozy place tucked away right in the back of his skull, forever present.

“Does this mean I get my reward now?” Dream pressed.

With a jolt George remembered what he was wearing and what the point of the entire call was. He’d been so hung up with *Dream, Dream, everything Dream* to process the silky satin rubbing at his legs and the teeny skirt resting over his thighs.

“Yeah,” George said shakily, gathering up his resolve.

Dream had let him see him, so now it was his turn.

But- it was more than that. He had the sudden desire for Dream to see *him*. He wanted to cut himself open and have Dream look inside, to gaze past all of his organs until he got to his heart pumping rhythmically in his chest, as if to say, *look at this, look at me, do you see it? Do you see me? It’s all for you.*

George swallowed thickly, and carefully got up from his chair, so his lower half was in frame.

“What do you think?” George asked, and couldn’t refrain from mirroring the first time him and Dream had done this. His throat closed in anticipation, and he waited with bated breath. He squeezed his eyes shut, readying himself for Dream’s reaction.

On call, Dream was silent.

George’s fingers fluttered over the hem of his skirt, nervous, and impatient.

“*Jesus Christ*,” Dream intoned, after a beat.

It felt like George’s heart had lunged up into his esophagus, as if it was on its way to clawing itself out of his throat.

He opened his eyes then, daring a peek, to gauge Dream’s reaction.

The amount of pixels on George’s monitor weren’t enough, and he yearned for more as he took in Dream’s slacked jaw. As soon as Dream seemed to register that George’s eyes were on him, his lips turned up into a grin, scarlet and wolfish, trapping George in place.

George could hear his rabbiting pulse as it pounded in his ears.

"It's- They're green, right?" George asked, glancing down at himself and then back at the monitor.

"Shit, yeah," Dream said first, his eyes flickering up and down George's form. He got a hold of himself a moment later. "Yeah, baby," He said softly, but with more conviction. His grin intensified. "You wearing it for me?"

George shrugged. "Maybe," He said non-committedly.

Dream's grin dimmed and his brows furrowed.

Little zings of fizzling delight bolted up George's spine as he got to watch Dream react in real time. There was no staring at an empty void, ears straining for crackled breath, or waiting for some sort of response. He could read Dream even further now - not that it had ever been too hard.

"What are we, Dream?" George had to spit it out. He felt like he was aware of every single one of his nerve endings, and how they joined together. He needed an answer, but he also *needed* Dream. There never was room for *want* when it came to Dream, and George realized with vibrant clarity that falling for Dream had never really been a choice at all. "What do you want, Dream?" He kept his voice carefully neutral.

"What I want is for you to bend over your desk for me," Dream said, quick as a flash. "But I also know that's not what you're looking for," He amended, just a tad bit smug. It was a new emotion George got to see on his face, and was stricken to see it looked good on him. So far *everything* had looked good on him.

"And what's that?" George goaded him on.

"We're whatever name you wanna call us, baby," Dream affirmed. "As long as you're mine."

"Yeah?" George continued, pressing. He wasn't quite sure what he was pressing for, but he knew he hadn't had enough.

Dream tsked, and George watched him, mind catching repeatedly on the fact that he was looking at *Dream*. He was sure he would have loved him even if he wasn't attractive, but he could admit to himself that the way Dream looked had ratcheted up his need even further, cranking it up several decibels until he was buzzing. Dream was golden, and warm, and George was suspended, dangling on a cliff's edge, readying himself for Dream to push past that extra barrier - one he hadn't even set up yet.

"What are *you* waiting for, Georgie?" Dream asked, his voice soft and honeyed.

George pressed his lips together. His confidence was waning, and suddenly he felt knobby-kneed and ridiculous, all dressed up in his tiny apartment alone.

*But Dream would take care of him* - that he was certain of. Dream would figure it out. He would *know*. He always did.

Dream studied him; his eyes squinting and calculating, but it never made him feel like a piece of meat. Dream eyed him like he was a pesky line of code that he couldn't get right. George was splayed out, hoping that it would click.

*You've got it Dream*, his subconscious whispered.

Suddenly, the lightbulb went off, he could see it in the way Dream leaned back in his chair, eyes intense.

“Let me tell you what *I* want,” Dream said, assuredness rushing back into him so fast it nearly made George’s head spin.

“Okay,” George breathed, as if he spoke any lighter the atmosphere would be ripped, unable to ever be repaired.

“I want to make you laugh,” Dream told him, “And smile, and make you call me an ‘idiot’.”

George could feel pink starting to tint his cheeks and the tips of his ears as he tried to remain unaffected, his heart stuttering over Dream’s words. He bit his lip.

Dream’s answering grin was boyish and gleaming. “I want to make you mine.” His voice slipped into something softer, and more reverent. “I’d make you feel so good, baby.”

“Is that all?” George rasped, his tone clipped even though his face was flaming.

Dream’s eyes darted away from the camera for a fraction of a second before he glanced back, determined.

“I wanna touch you,” He murmured. He let out a short self-deprecating laugh. “I want to touch you so bad I feel ridiculous. Not even in a- I just- I wanna hold you. I want to put on a dumb movie, and have you put your legs over mine and you’ll bitch about how cold you are, and I won’t even care ‘cause...” He trailed off.

“‘Cause what?” George pressed, staring down his own lens.

Dream shrugged, looking a little helpless and called out. “‘Cause it’s you.” He exhaled a breath he seemed to have been holding. “It’s always going to be you.”

“I’ve never let anyone see me like this before,” George bit out, nearly tripping over his words to get them out.

“Yeah?” Dream prodded.

“It’s always going to be you, too,” George admitted quietly, wanting to cringe at the display of feelings, but he also thought it was deserved to tear open his chest cavity for Dream. Dream was littered with firsts for George, and he wasn’t the first person he’d ever loved but he was the first person he’d ever wanted to let crawl inside himself and see everything, even the ugly and uneven bits that George couldn’t stand himself. “For me,” George tacked on hastily, and anxiously picked at the hem of his skirt.

“I wish I could kiss you,” Dream admitted, his words earnest and dipped in a bright tangerine. “I’d kiss you all over.”

“Oh yeah? Everywhere?” George teased, easing away from his vulnerability and climbing back into his more comfortable skin. “I think you’re all talk.”

Dream’s eyes lit up at that, mostly with mirth, but also with something else that George couldn’t name. “Careful, sweetheart.”

George knew he was on thin ice, but could tell by Dream’s playful tone that it was a warning and they hadn’t actually started anything yet. George hummed, weighing his options and tapping back into the plans he’d made before their respective confessions.

“Dreamie,” George said, saccharine sweet and syrupy. He lifted the edge of his skirt, rucking it up



higher to show off a pale sliver of his thigh. Dream's eyes darkened, and George's veins rushed with the influx of power it gave him. Under Dream's gaze he felt sexy, and bold - like he was deserving of being called 'pretty.'

George's own eyes were no doubt glinting, and sharp. "I think it's time for you to watch."

+

Later, when George was leaning back in his chair, dopey grin adorning his face, and one of his legs strewn lewdly over his right armrest, Dream cleared his throat. He looked fucked out as well, and George's fingers twitched to take a screenshot, to have visual evidence of Dream relaxed and open, and all for George.

His left stocking had fallen to rest at his midcalf, while his skirt was tugged up high on his waist, and twisted. He wasn't bothered about fixing it though, eyes lidded as Dream kept roving up and down his form, drinking his messy appearance in.

"What if I came and saw you?"

Dream's voice rang out in the call, and George immediately stiffened, his eyes going wide. He slowly lowered his slung up leg down off his armrest so that he was sitting normally, their hazy spell broken.

"Like..." George trailed off. "Are you serious?"

"Yeah, I'm," Dream's eyebrows knitted together like he was genuinely thinking about it, and George could pinpoint the cogs turning in his brain. "I'm dead serious."

"Dream-" George said breathlessly.

"I'm serious," Dream reiterated, jumping into action. He peered over at his second monitor, seeming to be clicking on things as his eyes flickered back to George's. "What if I came to the UK?"

"Dream, you-" George's words caught in the back of his throat, and he found he couldn't get any out. He wanted to see Dream in person so bad it was almost like acid coating the back of his throat. It felt like a cruel joke; something he had craved for so long that the mere idea of it actually coming true made his chest seize and his hands shake. Surely he couldn't truly *have* Dream. "Really?" He hated how it came out, high-pitched and hopeful at the end.

"Of course," Dream said as if it wasn't even a thought. "I mean, I know our plan was for you to move here, and I don't know when that's gonna happen. But I gotta see you, it's driving me crazy."

George felt a smile slowly spread across his face, nearly splitting his cheeks.

"I guess I'll come to the UK if that's what it takes." Dream said absently, clicking on a few things. He came back to himself after a moment and glanced over at George. "I mean," He hedged, "If that's something *you* would want."

"Idiot," George choked out fondly. "*Obviously* that's something I want."

"Yeah?" Dream asked, his lips twisting into a tiny grin that George wanted to keep forever. He wanted to trace his thumb over it until he could replace that with his mouth. The fact that it could be a reality soon has him buzzing.

“*Yeah, I,*” George’s voice softened, and he would blame his post-orgasm brain for how vulnerable he sounded when he said, “I’ll get to show you London.”

Dream melted, and George longed with such a sudden ferocity for Dream to wrap him up into his arms and hold him. He ached.

“I love that, baby. I want you to show me everything,” Dream told him, without the slightest hint of mocking, as if nothing sounded more joyous to him than George dragging him all around to his favorite places in London.

“I want you to come, *you have to come,*” George rushed out, letting the excitement seep in. “*Can* you come? Do you have a Passport? Do you-”

“Slow down, baby,” Dream crooned, and George snapped his mouth shut, his cheeks turning crimson. “Yeah, I have a Passport. I should be able to come to you, you just can’t come to me.”

“Dream, don’t,” George stuttered, sucking in a breath as his voice shook. “Swear you’re not fucking with me, are you really coming?”

The grin that Dream gave him was slow spreading, until it took up his whole face, and George could easily grow addicted to it.

“I just bought the plane tickets.”

George’s heart stopped.

“You promise?” He demanded.

His heart restarted, banging spastically against his ribcage.

Dream let out a gooey laugh, one that was just for George. “I’m forwarding you the confirmation now!” He insisted, going back to clicking his mouse. “I promise! It’s for two weeks from now.”

“God, Dream,” George said in awe, hastily pulling up his email to see it for himself. “You’re *really* coming.”

Dream’s smile turned smug, and it was bright enough to light up a whole city, the sun incarnate in the way Dream tended to be. “You’re gonna show me London,” He confirmed with finality.

Lilies and black-eyed susans bloomed in George’s esophagus, stems pushing and pulling at his diaphragm and lungs as his heart pounded in double time.

“I’m gonna show you London,” He whispered, and then barked out a disbelieving laugh.

George took a screenshot of Dream’s smiling face, one for his collection. However, nothing could capture Dream and all his essence, especially not a collection of pixels. It couldn’t get all of Dream. George though, was ready to take all of Dream he could have.

He was greedy like that.

## Chapter 6

### Chapter Summary

George gnawed on his nail while he waited by the door.

### Chapter Notes

for v, who read this entire chapter with love even though she hates dnf. i'm glad you love me more than you hate dnf <3333 and thank you for agreeing it was the best chapter yet.

hope you guys haven't lost interest, i know it's been a while!

let me know what you think of this chapter, and where you want to see it go! i cannot WAIT to hear all of your thoughts! thank you so so so much for all the love and support, i never would have imagined it would have reached these heights.

- blue <3

+

“You play along,

Because you want to die for love,

You always have.”

- Richard Siken

+

George gnawed on his nail while he waited by the door.

He didn't drive or have a car, so Dream was going to catch an Uber from the airport.

George scanned around his flat one more time, even though he had already gone over every square inch like a mad man the night before. Dream had texted him a few minutes prior that he had landed and gotten his bags, meaning he'd be outside George's door momentarily.

George's stomach swooped, still not being able to take in the fact that Dream would be in front of him, physically present, and able to touch him for the first time. It was surreal.

His bitten fingers trailed over the fabric of his garment nervously, tutting at any half-imagined wrinkle. He was in a satiny black dress. The website he had bought it from described it as a slip, but George had gotten an extra small so that it clung to his scrawny frame. The cut of the dress gave the illusion of curved hips, and fell over his upper thighs in a way that had his mouth drying

as he took himself in, standing in front of the single shabby mirror in his bedroom.

The sharpness of the black matched his dark hair and dark eyes, contrasting starkly with his pale, pinkish skin. He had wanted to wear something that he could see for his first time with Dream - even referring to it in his head as that made him want to snort, but it was still true, in a way. He wanted to wear something that wasn't gray, or a color he'd have to mentally remind himself.

So, black it was. And his lack of underwear, well, that was simply a surprise for Dream to uncover later.

He forewent any knee socks or hose, figuring they would just get in the way, and he didn't want to worry with them. He had briefly toyed with the idea of garters, and they *would* match the dress, but they felt like too much. Did he want to be sexy, sure, however, with Dream's eyes on him the *first time*? He wanted to be dainty and pretty more than anything.

George waited on pins and needles, pressed up against the door. When his phone rang he dove towards it, answering it immediately.

"Hello?" He rushed out, righting himself from his tumble straight towards his couch.

"Hey," Dream's voice came from over the line, saturated with the static and rustling of being in public. "So...I'm outside," He said in his usual teasing way, but George could hear the note of nervousness from a mile away.

His ears then caught up with his brain. "You're outside!" He exclaimed, tossing his phone and launching himself at his door.

His fingers froze, only a hair away from turning the knob, as fear seized in the back of his throat.

*It's Dream*, he reminded himself.

*Dream.*

With that lingering thought, he finally opened the door.

He didn't want his neighbors or anyone out on the street to get a show, and that was the only thing holding him back from tackling Dream right on his front step.

Dream was on the same page, though, like he always was.

George had barely gotten a good glance of him, only really focusing on how he was tall, lithe, and looked like he could toss George over his shoulder with no problem at all.

Dream dropped the bags he was holding, almost comically, and before George had any time to laugh, Dream swept him up, swiftly kicking the door shut behind him.

George let out an undignified squawk at being suddenly lifted, however, his arms and legs wrapped around Dream's frame instantly, as if it was practiced.

Dream shoved him up against the door so that their bodies were completely slotted in tune with one another. Dream leveled off his force just enough that George didn't slam the back of his head, instead, he landed right in front of Dream, pinned to his own front door.

"Hi," George breathed out despite himself, finally getting to properly look at Dream.

Webcams, even in the best 4K definition, still never compared to the real thing. George could see

the speckles of pores all down the side of his nose and chin, the dotting of freckles dusted over his cheeks and the bridge of his nose. He could see every different shade of gold that melted into Dream's honey eyes.

*Green*, he corrected himself. Dream's eyes were green. They looked just like honey to him, though.

George made a small noise of surprise when Dream suddenly kissed him. At first, it was rushed and hurried, a sloppy meshing of their lips. When George opened his mouth wider and deepened the kiss, Dream groaned, and they fell together into a slower, nectar-like rhythm.

"Hi," Dream breathed against George's mouth, his lips curled up into a wicked crooked grin. George wanted to kiss it off of him.

George didn't give him a chance to say anything else, and tilted his head up to kiss him again. Dream's hands wandered down for better leverage, and his hands secured themselves around George's ass.

"You gonna get your bags?" George asked deviously, bathing in Dream's attention; the spotlight warming him on his lonely stage.

"Mmm, maybe," Dream teased right back. George's heart squeezed in his chest at Dream's playful affectionate tone. "Maybe I had something I wanted to do first."

George barked out a laugh, right on Dream's lips, which made him laugh. "Or someone," George tacked on, and pretty soon they were both tucked into each other's shoulders, shaking with laughter.

"You're such a nerd," Dream said with one of his signature scoffs.

"You say as if you're not a nerd," George retorted, following it with a hum when Dream's hands started wandering once more.

"How long do you think I can leave my bags out there before somebody gets curious and nabs them?" Dream muttered, his lips grazing over George's jaw.

"Oh someone's already taken pictures and doxxed you. It's too late now."

Dream's teeth nipped over a spot he had nicked himself shaving that morning in warning.

"I'm gonna have to put you in your place, aren't I?"

If Dream hadn't been completely supporting his weight George was positive his knees would have buckled over how hot those words were.

"*Dream*," George said in a daze, his mouth stretching open over the vowels into a smile without any intent. It was hard to say Dream's name without a smile.

Dream abruptly sat George down, shuffling to the right so George was safely put on top of the end table next to the door.

"You're gonna sit here looking pretty, and be good while I get my bags. No moving 'til I say so." Dream breathed as George shivered. He wiggled a bit, making himself comfortable and stiffened. Dream's following smirk was sharp and wolf-like. "Safeword?"

"Blue," George said, feeling like he needed to clear his throat.

“Good boy.”

Warmth spread through George, a flame licking up his chest cavity, igniting rapidly until it reached his toes.

Dream gave him one last pinning look - George held onto the detail of his cupid's bow, and the little scar on his chin he'd never mentioned before and George was dying to ask about.

Dream slipped out the door.

George really only had time for two rattled breaths in, and then Dream was barreling right back inside. This time, his bags landed on his floor. They were safe now, and Dream was all his.

Dream crowded into his space once more; a predator approaching its prey, and George had never been so ready to be eaten alive.

Dream leaned in, mere centimeters from George's lips, but refrained from taking the final plunge.

“I don't think we're gonna make it to the bedroom, do you?” Dream taunted, his voice soft.

George shook his head slowly.

When their eyes met, the fire in George's sternum ratcheted up to an explosive molotov cocktail. Sparks tingled up George's spine, and before he knew it, he and Dream were crashing into another kiss.

George's legs wrapped around Dream's waist in earnest, as Dream's hands shoved up his dress to get to his hips. The dress bunched up easily, exposing where George was already hard.

Dream panted over George's lips. “Surprise,” George got out before he licked his way back into Dream's mouth; he wanted to chase the taste for as long as he could.

“You're gonna fucking kill me,” George felt Dream say more than he heard it. George's resounding grin caused their teeth to clink together for a second; it didn't matter, though, it was still one of the best kisses George had ever had.

“What do you want?” George murmured, once they had both come up for air.

Dream's head fell against George's chest as he let out a self-deprecating laugh. George's hands came up to comb through Dream's hair automatically; it was just the right length to play with.

“I wanna get inside you,” Dream said, in the honest way George was still getting used to being just him.

George's breath hitched.

“Too much?” Dream prodded, and then he looked up, training those *eyes* on him - the blooming fern and gold that George was already weak for.

“No,” George said softly, wanting to keep Dream from pulling away. “Just enough.”

“I wanna...” Dream trailed off, licking his lips.

“You can,” George was quick to say. “Whatever you want, I'm-” He cut himself off to prevent his voice from cracking. “I'm *yours*, Dream.”

“*Fuck*,” Dream said as if he’d just been punched in the gut. “Okay,” He breathed, pressing a quick kiss to George’s shoulder, and George wanted to snort at how it sounded like a pep talk.

“You got lube in your bag, right?” George asked, and Dream nodded, peeling himself away to go rifle through one of his bags.

When Dream righted himself, he glanced back at George, who inched his legs open a bit more on the table, under Dream’s gaze.

Dream stepped closer, but George also watched him falter slightly.

“Can we... I just want it to be us the first time, you know?”

The fireworks spread until George was sure any minute sparklers were going to launch out from his throat. Dream referring to it as their ‘first time’ too made him want to melt into a gooey pile of limbs onto the floor. And even though Dream was being vague, George knew exactly what he meant.

“Yeah, I know,” George said, refraining from any defensive jokes or teasing. He was allowed to be soft around Dream, and to soak it in. He urged Dream even closer, and wrapped his arms around his neck. “It’s kinda romantic,” He whispered thoughtfully. “Couldn’t wait and had to fuck me by the door.”

Dream’s mouth worked its way up from George’s neck to connect them into another kiss.

It didn’t take long for George to harden back up, and once Dream’s strong hands flipped his dress up to bunch over his tummy, he was leaking again, and whimpering around Dream’s tongue.

Dream’s hand circled around his cock. “I’m gonna make you feel so good, baby girl.” George’s hips jolted and his eyes nearly rolled back into his head. Dream chuckled darkly into George’s ear. “You like that, baby?”

“Dream-“ George choked out, his tongue thick and head filled with cotton. “Please, I want-“

“I know,” Dream said, leaning forward to kiss him. “I know, baby.”

“I didn’t prep myself,” George rushed out to say. “I wanted-“ he felt his cheeks turn beet red, a flush he was sure was rapidly spreading, so he ducked his head. It was a lot easier to be brave through a camera, or Discord icon. Here, there was no corner he could crawl into to hide. “I wanted *you* to,” He mumbled, not meeting Dream’s eyes.

“That’s good, honey,” Dream crooned, and George bathed in every term of endearment that fell off his tongue, like an indulgent cat in a patch of sun. “That’s real good.”

George waited with bated breath as Dream reached for the lube, slathering some onto his fingers liberally. George opened his legs wider as Dream crowded against him once more. Dream’s fingers found his entrance, and George gasped, centimeters from his mouth when he first slipped his fingers inside.

“Fuck,” George swore, the back of his head hitting the wall behind him as he urged his hips forward.

Dream tsked, “Not what I want you to be saying,” He said, letting another finger join his first.

“Dream-“ George said, half with a laugh.

"There we go," Dream said, grinning into George's shoulder.

George tilted his head to the side, granting Dream access that the younger one gladly took, beginning to suck a mark onto the thin skin of his neck without preamble.

George didn't know what was more terrifying; the bone-deep certainty that Dream would hurt never hurt him, or, the fact that if he ever did, George would let him.

"I want *you*," George demanded breathily, his Adam's apple vibrating near where Dream's mouth was. Dream crooked his fingers inside of him, arching them up until George's throat was catching on a torn-out gasp.

Dream retreated fleetingly, brushing a kiss to George's forehead. "Hold on a sec," He said hurriedly, dashing over to George's couch. If George didn't look just as debauched and ridiculous - with his legs spread, dress around his chest and twisted, and hickey blooming on his neck - he would have snorted.

Dream came back brandishing one of his couch pillows sheepishly.

When George didn't say anything, his face turned slightly red.

"That just- didn't look very comfortable," Dream said, and George found his words.

"C'mere," He croaked out, holding out one of his arms.

Dream ever so carefully lifted George up and tucked the pillow under his hips, giving him a cushion and better leverage.

At Dream's kindness, he felt sunflowers sprout in his chest, choking him and pouring out his throat, so encompassed with love he was sure it must be reeking from every one of his pores.

He drew Dream in and tugged their mouths back into a kiss. He didn't just want Dream, he wanted to drown in him, burn alive under his laser focus, warmed from the inside out.

He couldn't say any of *that*, though, so instead, he tried to put it all into his kiss, hoping that it was enough.

"Fuck me, Dream, please," He panted, words he *could* say.

"Okay, I- yeah, okay," Dream stuttered out, and started trying to work down his pants. George reached out with his own quick fingers, to hurry it along. Sure enough, after a few moments, George got to take in the view of Dream's cock for the first time.

If George didn't need Dream inside of him as soon as possible, he would have sunk to his knees. He tacked that certain desire to the back of his mind for another time - they didn't have all of it in the world, but for right now, they had George's secluded London apartment, a week with no commitments, and George didn't want to waste any of it.

"No condom," George said, clipped, but only out of haste.

"Fuck," Dream groaned and grabbed the lube once more.

George felt as if he was balanced on the edge of a cliff as Dream lined himself up. He'd fucked countless times before, but this was different in every way. Foamy seawater licked at his toes, and up to his calves, cold and biting, and just like flying.



Before George even had the chance to ask, Dream began inching himself inside, bit by bit. George wrapped his legs around Dream's waist, flushing their bodies completely together. Close wasn't close enough. Dream pulled George into a kiss, as the older one focused on letting him inside, unencumbered.

"God, baby," Dream choked out, and George could feel all of his tensed muscles under his grip. "You feel so fucking good."

"You too," George said against his mouth, not wanting him to doubt it for a second.

Dream fucked into him, and George never wanted it to end.

Eventually it did, as all things do.

Dream smothered him in kisses, only detangling their joined hands to clean George up and smooth his dress back into place.

George held on tight as Dream carried him back to his room.

He traced over some of the freckles on Dream's cheekbones, mapping a constellation of them in his mind, to see in the consuming darkness whenever he closed his eyes. His hand fell as soon as Dream's lips upturned into a fond smile.

He would have never predicted this if you had shown him the start of it, but here they were.

George buried his face into Dream's chest, his pulse thudding in his ears. He listened to Dream's even breaths and tried to match them with his own; as love swallowed him whole.

## End Notes

twitter - [alphabetblues](#)

tumblr - [alphabet-blues](#)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!